

## The Critic

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### Literature

#### The "Imitation" in a New Dress\*

GOOD CATHOLIC as he was, and monk from his cowl to his sandals, the book written by Thomas Hæmmerling of Kempis is accepted as a treasury of right doctrine, not only by Protestants, but by many who have no faith in any historical form of Christianity. George Eliot took pleasure in reading it and, for aught we know, Robert Ingersoll may do likewise. Its mediævalism has not turned away modern readers. It is as unworldly as Fra Angelico's paintings, yet it is often a favorite with worldlings. Though its early editions are not especially rare, and it has none of the piquancy of matter or illustration of several other devotional books of its period, bibliophiles hunt for black-letter copies; and there is hardly a year in which some new translation or new edition of the original does not appear. The reason is, doubtless, to be found in the catholicity of its fundamental doctrine, of which it may truly be said that it has always, everywhere, and of all men been received. Every thought and sentiment in it is said to be derived from the Bible, yet one is continually reminded, in reading it, of pagan poetry and philosophy—of Archilochus schooling his soul to take with equanimity good or evil fortune, of Socrates standing up for justice though it should bring contumely and defeat. His reading of the old monkish maxim, *Sursum corda*, is one that might be subscribed to by the most practical-minded humanist. 'Lift up your heart,' he says in effect, 'above things sensible and perishable'; and we seem to hear an echo, though in a very different tone, in his contemporary Villon's refrain of 'les neiges d'antan.' The very extent of his repute has led to doubts about à Kempis's orthodoxy. They are baseless. Still, in his constant preoccupation with the interior voice, he gives little attention to the voice of nature, or even of his Church. The teachings of the latter he accepts in a lump, without examination, and loyally and reverently shelves them. Towards the former he takes up the true Middle Age position of distrust and contempt. There is also the true monkish narrowness: he hardly thinks of God except as *his* God, or, at most, the God of his monastery. However sure *his* belief, the sinner is more robust who believes in a Deity out of and remote from himself. There is more hearty piety of the everyday, church-going sort in Villon's ballad to the Virgin than will be found in all four books of the 'Imitation of Christ.' In short à Kempis's practical creed is not distinctively Christian, and his Christianity has the pallor and the dimness of the cloister, grateful, no doubt, to many, but perhaps really helpful to none.

Though it has little of the lyricism so evident in the works of other Catholic mystics, the 'Imitation' was, it appears, written in rhythm, and was originally named 'Musica Ecclesiastica.' 'Very often the lines rhyme; but this appears to be more the result of the Latin inflections than of any fixed intention.' Dr. Hirsche of Hamburg published in 1874 a Latin version founded on the 1441 Codex, in

\* Musica Ecclesiastica: The Imitation of Christ. By Thomas Kempis. With a Preface by H. P. Liddon, D.D. \$3.50. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

which the rhythm is marked as if the writer (it is for the most part in the author's handwriting) had meant it to be sung in plain-song. An anonymous translator has now put forward an English version in which this peculiarity has been retained. As Canon Liddon remarks in the short preface which he has supplied to the book, the difference is not one of form only. It leads the reader to dwell with greater intensity upon the separate words and phrases in which so much of the power of the work resides. But it is always a satisfaction to get in any respect nearer the original intention of an author, provided one does not as far depart from it in another. It is really much that this version of the 'Musica Ecclesiastica' bears the name which à Kempis gave it, follows his arrangement disturbed in most other versions, and repeats his rhythm. But the translator has done more than that: he has substituted plain English for scholastic and theological terms, and in many cases greatly cleared up the meaning. The book has in nowise suffered from this treatment. For though in the translator's preface a little too much stress seems to be laid on the author's mysticism, there is no sign of an effort to bring out meanings not in the text, or to develop beyond measure such as may be found there. The somewhat phlegmatic Thomas appears in his true light as an obedient son of the Church, making use of mysticism as a sort of religious buffer between himself and all importunate questionings whether of the theologian or the sceptic; but, above all, as a sensible and useful guide in the culture of individual conscience. If space served, we should like to show in parallel passages from this and other versions just what has been accomplished in this way; but, instead, we must refer the reader to the book itself, the more confidently if he is already acquainted with some other translation.

#### Max O'Rell on His Own Countrymen\*

M. PAUL BLOUËT has good reason to be satisfied with his American publishers, for Messrs. Cassell & Co. have already paid him \$5000 in royalties on the sale of 'Jonathan and His Continent,' and may possibly pay him as much more before long, since the book is selling almost as well as when it first came out. Americans are not as sensitive to foreign criticism as they were in the days of Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens, but they have an insatiable curiosity to know what is thought of them by their more or less closely related 'kin beyond sea,' and had much rather be criticised with severity than to be let severely alone. Max O'Rell, as it happens, did not criticise us very severely: nothing about his book on the Great Republic was more noticeable than the author's determination to administer exact justice, or at least to 'strike a balance' in his account with the people of the United States; the result being that a compliment can be found in 'Jonathan' to offset every word of criticism.

In 'Jacques Bonhomme' the acute but genial critic carries this amiable practice still farther, offsetting every adverse judgment with at least half a dozen rulings in favor of the prisoner at the bar. He handles Johnny Crapaud as if he loved him; and so he does. In 'John Bull and His Island,' justice was done to John's solid qualities—the ones on which he most plumes himself,—and in 'Jonathan' it was plain to be seen that the Yankee was not so bad as he seemed; but when it comes to 'Jacques Bonhomme,' we realize that his failings are merely numerous and pronounced enough to prove him a human being, and no more. They are the spots upon the sun. Were they a hair's-breadth smaller, a shade less dark, the blaze of glory would be insufferable. Having tried her prentice hand on all the other nations of the earth, Nature brought to bear upon the production of the French the dexterity acquired by the experience of ages, and turned out a people that fell just short of being too bright and good for human nature's daily fare. Has the Frenchman a reputation amongst outer barbarians for immorality?

\* Jacques Bonhomme. By Max O'Rell. 50 cts. New York: Cassell & Co.

No accusation could be farther from the truth. Yet the poor dear innocent has brought it all upon himself; for while John Bull poses as a pillar of society and accepts every compliment to his domestic virtues, Jacques Bonhomme deprecates any allusion on his moral rectitude, and out of sheer perversity poses as a *roué*. There is no such lover of home and family as he: he loves his home so much that not one foreigner in a million is allowed to profane the domestic altar by so much as looking at it.

The Frenchman is the braggart of vice . . . The small jokes that a Frenchman may go in for may be ridiculous in your eyes, and, worse than that, they may, and often do, earn him the reputation of a reprobate. But, when you get a chance, look beneath that boasting exterior, look at the man in his family relations, follow him to his home—Ah! there comes the rub: his home is closed to you, and you cannot easily know what a devoted husband, what a loving son, what a doting father, is this same man who is so fond of posing in public as a 'jolly dog.' . . . Home-life unknown in France! Why, the mistake is one of the most glaring ever made. There is no more home-loving, home-abiding creature on earth than the Frenchman.

'The first requisite in a sound critic,' says Max O'Rell, 'is sympathy with his subject.' No one can deny that when Max O'Rell's subject is Jacques Bonhomme, he possesses this first requisite in a superlative degree.

But whether or not the Frenchman passionately loves his domestic hearth—and there can be no doubt that the Frenchman of the provinces is very inadequately represented in this particular by the typical Parisian of books and the periodical press,—whether the Frenchman is the devout worshipper at the shrine of Domesticity that M. Blouët paints him, or the graceless devotee of the goddess Lubricity, that Matthew Arnold tells us he is, it is indisputable that he loves home as represented by his native soil to a degree unknown among other races. There are, we believe, but a third of a million Frenchmen outside of France, and it is probably the dream of nine-tenths of these few to end their days under their native skies. The motherland is a veritable mother—not a cold abstraction but a living personification. Who but a French girl would have written on the back of an envelope enclosing a letter to a friend at home which we once had the pleasure of posting in New York, the greeting, 'Salut à toi, Patrie!' (To say that a writer of another nationality could not be expected to express the sentiment in precisely these words would of course be the merest quibble.) No, the Frenchman loves France with the devotion with which the nomadic Englishman and still more nomadic American is supposed to love home. The fact that the Britisher has a name for the thing he loves argues nothing, says Max O'Rell; if it did, an abstruse philological digression makes it clear that the *chez* of the Frenchman's *chez soi, chez nous*, is really the word home in everything but the spelling.

Lord Chesterfield advised his son to compliment people not on what they were admitted to excel in, but on the thing they wished to excel in but didn't. Lord Beaconsfield has recently been quoted as saying that he made this a rule of procedure. So far, we believe, no one has accused him of plagiarizing the idea—an idea which Mr. Gladstone pronounced 'devilish,' and therefore probably believed to be original with his great rival. Perhaps Max O'Rell is not intentionally acting upon Lord Chesterfield's advice when he praises Jacques Bonhomme as a model family man, but considering James's reputation outside of his own country, there can be no doubt that he will lay the flattering unction of this chapter on 'The French and Their Critics' to heart and be immensely flattered. But it is fair to assume, at the same time, that he will protest explosively against the good character his champion ascribes to him.

'The seven ages' are treated of in this little book: we have Jacques at school, in the army, in love, at work, at play, in trouble, and in England; also a chapter on the Englishman on the Continent, and a budget of letters selected from the hundreds the author has received since

'John Bull et Son Ile' made him famous: many of these are amusing enough. As for the body of the work, which is written in the author's well-known epigrammatic style, it is superficial, perhaps, but acute too, and unfailingly amiable and amusing. One can read it through in an evening, and will not feel that his time has been misspent.

#### With Bird and Beast \*

IT IS A JOYFUL sign when controversies about Fitzgerald and the Brownings can be put aside for a healthful, vigorous stride in the fields (which doubtless have *their* Brownings and Fitzgeralds too!), and keen young eyes can be directed to the thrilling and trilling world about us. Nature in this sense is a discovery of the nineteenth century. The ponderous 'De Natura' of Lucretius knew as little of this illuminated modern way of looking at things as the Talmud and the Targums know about natural history. Vergil and Theocritus were melodious observers; perhaps even Hesiod may come in for a grain of praise; but disentangled of their cumbrous allegory, their anthropomorphism, their personifications and abstractions, how little remains that a Thoreau, a White of Selborne, a Jeffreys or a Burroughs could value or weave into his charming mosaics! Little but ancient superstition and cunning hexameter.

Now happily all this is no longer 'thus': the fields are as 'full of folk' as they were in Piers Plowman's famous Vision, but these folk are observers as well as poets. They study the herbs each in its kind, and no living object crosses the eye-plane without being entangled Arachne-like in a silken web of fact and fancy and delightful analogy, yielding verse and prose like this of Dr. Abbott's for example. We remember being delighted some years ago with Dr. McCook's 'Tenants of an Old Farm.' Dr. Abbott explores the same field in 'A Naturalist's Rambles about Home' and the present volume (1)—a game-bag full of spoil for the non-observant. In both he shows himself an exceedingly close spy on Nature—a Leatherstocking lying in ambush for lizard and turtle, wood-frog and kinglet, muskrat and grackle. His pages are a mass of observations stitched together with many a shining line and sentiment between. To him a pond is a theatre full of the liveliest actors and actresses; the woods live and move and have a being, and the twelve months are twelve libraries of natural history each distinctively marked, labelled, individualized; there are thirty times thirty shelves in each, and each shelf glitters, crawls, sings and wriggles with life. He has taken his twelve notebooks (each month having one) and drawn from them for the changing seasons twelve chapters rich in remark, in experiment, in analysis of bird and insect habits, and in poetic meditation. As a writer he lies midway between John Burroughs and Maurice Thompson—not such a poet as Thompson, not such an accomplished *littérateur* as Burroughs, but partaking of the gifts of each.

In 'Birds Through an Opera-Glass' (2) we have the promise of an admirable young people's series made by the Riverside Press. The defect of the volume before us lies in its uncertain vocabulary and its want of definiteness. It is not a scientific treatise, nor is it a book of discursive or miscellaneous essays. Its topic is birds and its audience is children, and yet it opens with a sentence like this: 'We are so in the habit of focusing (!) our spy-glasses on our human neighbors that,' etc. Now a child could not understand this—perhaps not even the typical 'young person,' belonging to a species not yet discovered by publishers. A wrong note is struck, and one is offended (in the old sense of an 'offense' being a stumbling-block) at the very threshold. What follows is much better: seventy short chapters filled with things that can be learned through lenses about our common birds. The observer is taught to 'pigeon-hole' these in convenient related groups, and a

\* 1. Days Out of Doors. By C. C. Abbott. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.  
2. Birds Through an Opera-Glass. By Florence A. Merriam. 3. Up and Down the Brooks. By Mary E. Bamford. 75 cts each. (Riverside Library for Young People.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

pleasant thread of autobiography and personal experience pervades the narrative.

'Up and Down the Brooks' (3) opens the wonderworld of lacustrine life—the world of water-scorpions, water-tigers, 'whirligigs,' mud folk, caddis-worms, and snails,—with a very charming 'Open, sesame.' The author has a gift for exposition, and she lifts the lid from a usually 'unseen world' with very skilful fingers. Children who do not get interested in caterpillars and cocoons, lady-bugs and *larvæ*, water-mites and *corydalis*, from these pages must be dead indeed in trespasses and sins, and though the writer's observations were mainly made in Alameda County, California, they are sufficiently general to be useful all the water-world over.

#### Minor Notices

FOR MORE than half-a-century Mr. J. Stanley Grimes, it appears, has been crying aloud to deaf scientific ears. In 1838 he published a work on the functions of the brain, which, it seems, was 'received with the greatest disfavor by all parties,' though, we are assured, it simply anticipated some of the ideas of Darwin. Other publications followed, with not much better fate. In his latest work, which appears under the rather diffusively explanatory title of 'Geonomy: Creation of the Continents by Ocean Currents: Kosmo-nomia: the Growth of Worlds, and the Cause of Gravitation,'—Mr. Grimes undertakes to settle, in less than a hundred and fifty pages, problems which have long perplexed the profoundest intellects. Continents, we learn, have been created by 'elliptic currents' in the several oceans: worlds are formed and gravitation is caused by the 'condensation of ether'; and that is all there is in these mysteries. Unfortunately the self-absorbed and unappreciative 'scienticians,' as Mr. Grimes chooses to style them, have in general simply ignored his books and their theories. He has found, however, a staunch adherent in the Rev. W. R. Covert, who, in the introduction to the present work, uncompromisingly ranks the author with Newton and Darwin. Mr. Grimes ingenuously avows his concurrence in Mr. Covert's opinion. Being thus assured of at least two deeply interested and thorough-going admirers, he may cheerfully condemn the apathy of the 'scienticians.' (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE MANY who are interested in the project of a common language for commercial and scientific intercourse among civilized nations should be grateful to Mr. Henry Phillips for his timely version of the excellent work of Dr. Samenhof, of Warsaw, on this subject. The 'Attempt Towards an International Language, by Dr. Esperanto' (the author's pseudonym), is undoubtedly, as Mr. Phillips remarks in his preface, 'the most simple, most natural, and most easy of acquirement of all the schemes yet presented.' There seems no reason why two intelligent persons, thrown together by the chances of travel, each ignorant of the other's language, but each provided with a translation of Dr. Esperanto's pamphlet in his own tongue, should not in a few minutes be able to carry on a conversation on common topics to the full extent of the vocabulary comprised in the pamphlet. Simple and easy as it is, however, the method is evidently capable of being still further simplified. This, apparently, is the opinion of the experienced translator himself. Some letters of its alphabet are unnecessary, and several of the inflections might be dispensed with. An international language should be nearly, or quite, all vocabulary, with as few grammatical intricacies as possible. (25 cts. Henry Holt & Co.)

THE CHIEF MARKS of 'The World's Best Books, a Key to the Treasures of Literature,' by Frank Parsons, F. E. Crawford, and H. T. Richardson, are its conscientious purpose, honesty of expression, care in construction, and the fulness of its lists and characterizations of books and authors. Many more pretentious treatises will be found less useful, for there is undoubtedly a place, though not the highest, for handbooks on reading which proffer tabulated catalogues of books and authors, with original and selected statements concerning the aims and success of the same. Readers to whom Mr. Lang's enjoyable chapters in his volume on 'The Library' would seem mere dilettante uselessness, may get solid and enduring help from that old standby, Pycroft's 'Course of Reading.' We could comment, unfavorably or amazedly, on some of the inclusions, exclusions, and critical expressions in the present volume, but will content ourselves, after careful examination, with the remark that, on the whole, it is not only the latest but the best of readers' handbooks of the selected-list variety. (\$1.25. Little, Brown & Co.)

NOT THE IMMORTAL Sancho himself knew how to derive from his donkey more occasions for the display of wit, wisdom, pathos and affection than Mary H. Fiske was able to extract from the commonplace circumstances of life. The moral may never be very high, and the humor may seldom be very refined in 'The Giddy Gusher Papers'; but both are there in wholesome, because natural, admixture. When she attends a poor girl's funeral with Parepa Rosa, her sentiment does not prevent her noting the action of the undertaker's screw and the minister's umbrella when their owners are astonished by the diva's tribute of song; and she rights the wrongs of her poultry-yard, in Robin Hood fashion, by stealing her neighbor's chickens to console an unlucky hen, and by decorating a despised and maltreated lame chick with dabs of bronze and gold paint. There is some touch of the grotesque in everything she does or says, but also something of the womanly and natural, notwithstanding that she had hosts of theatrical people for friends, whose mistakes and illusions in the, to them, unreal world off the boards she is never tired of laughing at. By the time her readers are old, her book will have acquired a new value as a treasury of late nineteenth century slang. (\$1.50. New York: *Dramatic Mirror*.)

MR. LYMAN C. DRAPER of the Wisconsin Historical Society is a collector of autographs who has mastered the mysteries of both the art and the philosophy of hunting sign-manuals. He is a veteran of the chase who knows the tricks of the trade, the forgers and their black arts, the honest men who collect, and the exact graded value of what is collected. Under such literary and learned treatment as our author gives it, the collecting of autographs is lifted up from a mere amusement mania, or even humble avocation, and becomes a most respectable assistant to the historian, and an ally to truth. Mr. Lyman entitles his study 'An Essay on the Autographic Collections of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution.' In published form, bearing the imprint of Burns & Son, No. 744 Broadway, New York, it is a handsome, wide-margined book with a portrait of the author, and a general index. We have spent a delightful evening in learning who are the collectors and where are the collections of sets of autographs of the makers of our Government, with entertaining information of every sort not only relating to the gentle art, but throwing abundance of side-lights upon American history. In one sense, it is dangerous to read such a book, for it is sure to make one a collector, and to one poor in cash or patience, this is a calamity.

#### Magazine Notes

IN THE FIRST (September) number of the new series of *The New England Magazine*, the editors say that the distinctive part of its title is almost synonymous with 'cosmopolitan.' To the Pilgrims, they aver, the world owes its 'first good examples of modern constitutional government'; and New England men, as well as New England ideas, have overrun the earth. Hence it is expected that the new old magazine will be read in every corner of Christendom, and even in pagan lands. Doubtless it will; and certainly it deserves to be known wherever the sons of New England are gathered together. Not all of its 112 pages are devoted to that cosmopolitan theme, New England, but most of them are. The unveiling of the Plymouth Monument strikes the keynote of the number. Not only is there an article by Thos. B. Drew on 'The Pilgrim Society and the Monument,' but the opening pages are filled with the itinerary of 'A Plymouth Pilgrimage' by Abby Morton Diaz; this is followed by a graceful poem by Arthur Hale on the 'Finding of the First Mayflower,' and this by a paper by Marston Watson descriptive of what was once to be seen 'In Plymouth Woods' and what still is visible there—among the former sights being Indians of course, and among the latter deer. Next comes a discussion of 'The Pilgrims' Life in Common,' in which the senior editor, Dr. E. E. Hale, declares that 'nothing can be more misleading' than Robertson's statement that 'the colonists of New Plymouth, in imitation of the primitive Christians, threw all their property into a common stock'; yet the error is repeated by Grahame and even by Chief-Justice Marshall. 'Round about Scrooby' gives many a pleasing glimpse of the village in whose old manor-house, the home of Elder Brewster, 'the little company used to gather, out of which grew the "Mayflower" Church and the colony of Plymouth.' The same subject is pursued in another article, 'King James at Scrooby.' This was James I., who stopped at the Lincolnshire village on his way from Edinburgh to London when Scotland's King became England's King also. Dr. Hale prints (for the first time, he thinks) the first letter written by King James to the Archbishop of York—a document highly interesting to New Englanders, as it is neither more nor less than a proposition to purchase from that prelate the Scrooby manor-house, in which even

then the Pilgrim Fathers were secretly meeting on the Lord's Day for their united worship. But even this list of titles is not exhaustive of the 'cosmopolitan' contents of the magazine, for a discussion is begun by Edwin D. Mead, the junior editor, of the question, 'Did John Hampden Come to New England?' while Dr. Henry M. Dexter writes of 'The Pilgrims in Leyden,' and Prof. James K. Hosmer revives the life of two centuries ago in the opening chapters of a story called 'The Haunted Bell.' Of the other papers in the number we have no space to speak, further than to say that there is a biographical sketch of Edward Bellamy, in which a portrait shows the author of 'Looking Backward' to be a very straightforward looking fellow. The camera has been employed freely and with happy results in the illustration of the descriptive articles referred to in this notice; and the editors will find their labors greatly lightened and simplified by the advance that has been made in photography since the days of the parent magazine. It is possible to obtain to-day, by the various reproductive 'processes,' more satisfactory illustrations than the average woodcut of only a few years ago, and at a cost considerably smaller.

Appropos of the 'Black Madonna of Loreto,' Katherine Hillard in the current *Atlantic* enters into matter full of erudition and of 'bon savoir.' The painting, it appears, belongs to that Alexandrian Greek school of which so many specimens have recently been unearthed. Its color but carries on an old Egyptian tradition which assigned the blackness of the soil or the dark blue of the night sky to the divinities of the earth and the underworld concerned with human hopes and sorrows and the mysteries of generation; and, failing an authentic portrait of the Virgin, their attributes were transferred to her. The Contributors' Club has a defence of our 'Pictorial Poor Relations' such as the old-fashioned prints after Cole's 'Voyage of Life' and Martin's 'Destruction of Babylon' and the engravings of 'Shakespeare and His Friends' and 'Washington Irving and His Friends,' which form the chief pictorial adornments of many an old-fashioned library. 'A Word About Words' is also a plea for poor and distant relations of the verbal sort, and begs writers to stand up for their pet colloquialisms and obsolete words against the tyranny of the proof-reader. There are reviews of Villari's 'Savonarola' and of Abbott's 'Greece'; 'The Begum's Daughter' and 'The Tragic Muse' are continued; there is poetry by Margaret J. Preston, W. R. Thayer and Julie M. Lippmann; and a story with a moral, 'Voodooism in Tennessee,' by 'S. M. P.' The more 'solid' articles are on the Isthmus Canal, deprecating any assumption of control by the United States, by Stuart F. Weld, and on 'La Nouvelle France' by Eben Greenough Scott.

Olive Thorne Miller in the September *Popular Science Monthly* has what we may call a whitewashing report on the habits and customs of the domesticated lemur. The transplanted African principally in question was about the size of a small cat, accustomed to make grunting noises like a pig, and when standing in his normal attitude, on hands and feet, the posterior extremity of the spine was several inches higher than the anterior. It was his habit to take a hand in whatever amusement was going on; in the case of cribbage, springing to the middle of the table and scattering the cards about the floor. He made the discovery that spring roller-shades were intended for lemurs to play with, the only use that has ever been found for them. He made friends readily, but was jealous, particularly of books and newspapers—which may, perhaps, have been a fault. A number of recent experiments on the surface tension of liquids are recounted, with illustrations, and their secrets summarized by W. H. Larrabee. 'Some of the Modern Aspects of Geology' resulting from the microscopic study of rocks and relating especially to the phenomena of crystalline growth—or, as the author would say, 'life'—are pointed out by Prof. G. H. Williams of Johns Hopkins. There are illustrated notes, also, on 'Animal Life in the Gulf-stream,' by Ralph S. Tarr. Ensign Albert A. Ackerman of the Navy has an interesting article on 'Arctic Ice and its Navigation,' and Capt. G. Langen a description of the Key Islands in the Dutch East Indies.

The *Cosmopolitan* for September offers a text for a little sermon on the uses and abuses of photo-illustrations. The illustrations to the article on 'The New England Conservatory of Music' are, most of them, such as to make the judicious grieve. The Conservatory building is large, ugly and commonplace. There is not the slightest reason for picturing it at all; but a hideous view of it is given, angle on, at the head of the article, and the full width of the page. Several of the interior views are well selected, and some of them have been manipulated with judgment; but a good artist would certainly have got more out of the two class-room scenes than the camera has, and, artistically, it would have been worth his while. Most of the portraits of the professors suffer from the faults of the process, loss of middle tones and mechanical exaggeration

of both lights and darks. The positive black and white of a pen-drawing by a good draughtsman (New York swarms with them) would have given much better results. On the other hand, the process is just the thing for such instantaneous views as those in 'The Opening of Oklahoma.' In these, its faults are more than made up for by the look of actuality. What matter if the middle distance is glued to the foreground, when we can see, however dimly, the actual crowd on Guthrie main street the day after the opening? Some of the illustrations in this article are woodcuts, and they give no such vivid impression of the action as do the process cuts. Of the other articles the most interesting are Frank G. Carpenter's 'The Two Capitals of Japan' and Carmen Sylva's story, 'Steria's Revenge.'

### The Lounger

OVER THE *nom de guerre* of 'Jeru-Salem,' a well-known Democratic man of letters, who has served his country in various public stations, writes to me as follows:—'In saying that "If Hawthorne had received his place as a reward for partisan service and had devoted his energies to looking out for Democratic "boys," . . . there could have been no protest against his summary dismissal" from the Salem Custom House, I fear you have given him away. You overlook the fact that Hawthorne in 1844 wrote a campaign Life of Franklin Pierce, the most hide-bound partisan that ever earned his bread by holding the stirrup for slavery. You remember the fable of the bugler who was taken prisoner by the enemy. Hawthorne was the bugler for Pierce. Neither he nor any of his editors have ever included this biography in any edition of his works. The Consulate to Liverpool which Pierce gave him looked as much like "a reward for partisan service" as any of Harrison's selections from your profession for foreign missions, for what other pretext was there for the selection to the most important European Consulate of a man who not only had never had any sort of official or business training, but had, up to that tolerably advanced period of life, exhibited a conspicuous incapacity to provide a shelter and bread for himself and family. He bugled, and got the place from the Democrats; then somebody else bugled, and got the place from the Whigs. Whatever objection you and I as Civil Service reformers may have to a system of politics which turns one bugler out of an office merely to put another in, I do not see that the bugler who receives his office as a reward for bugling has any right to murmur.'

'THERE IS another reason than "turn about is fair play,"' continues my correspondent, 'why Hawthorne ought not to have murmured at his dismissal, and he was wise enough to see and confess it. The Collectorship [Surveyorship] was no place for him, and he ought never to have taken it. Providence and the Whig party did better by him than the Democratic party had done, or than he had done for himself, in restoring him his independence, his self-respect and his genius which was atrophying at Salem.'

The Whigs know that the charges are false. But, without intending it, they are doing me a higher justice than my best friends. I have come to feel that it is not good for me to be here. I am in a lower moral state than I have been,—a duller intellectual one. So let me go; and, under God's providence, I shall arrive at something better.

Hawthorne was very poor and had a dependent family. No one, therefore, who has not been similarly tried, has any right to censure him for selling his pen to build up the fortunes of a political quack. Neither should we be too severe upon the system which delivered him from his prison-house.'

'JERU-SALEM' is wrong in a date, and an important one: Hawthorne's Life of Franklin Pierce was written, not 'in 1844,' but in 1853, four years after the author's expulsion from the Salem Custom House. Bancroft had made him a weigher in the Boston Custom House in 1838, the year after the appearance in book form of 'Twice-Told Tales'; and it was under Polk's administration that he received the Salem Surveyorship. The appointment to Liverpool did not find him entirely unversed in practical affairs, for he had had six years' experience of custom house work under Polk and Van Buren; and he probably would have received an appointment from Pierce even if he had not written the campaign biography, as the President had been his devoted friend ever since they first met as undergraduates at Bowdoin College.

MR. K. AUGUST LINDERFELT, Librarian of the Milwaukee Public Library, is moved to send me the following letter by Prof. Boyesen's recent protest in this column (July 13) against classing the authors of Norway as Swedes:—'I should think Prof. Boyesen would know by this time that nothing can be done, apparently, to

eradicate the confusion as to the true relations of the three Scandinavian realms, which now exists in the minds of the English-speaking races, but I am bold enough to assert that the blame for this state of affairs rests partly with the literary men of Norwegian extraction in this country. They have so long maintained, practically, that Norway is Scandinavia, and so systematically ignored anything connected with Sweden, or even Denmark, that I am amazed anybody at this day should think of turning the tables and disgrace a Norwegian by calling him a Swede. Of course I sympathize with Prof. Boyesen in his "mortification" at "seeing Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson referred to as a Swede," since every Swede will naturally share his feelings on this score, but as far as Ibsen is concerned, it is a fact that his greatness was first recognized by the Swedes, and that he has to-day a by far larger and more appreciative audience in Sweden than in his native country.

'IT IS UNFORTUNATE,' Mr. Linderfelt goes on to say, 'that it should be so difficult for the average American to realize that the three so-called Scandinavian countries (or four, if Iceland is included, are as distinct in race, language, literature and government, as Germany and Holland; but how could it be otherwise, when Profs. Anderson, Boyesen *et consortes* have so long, and apparently with success, striven to introduce into the English language, if not the word *Norse*, at least its synonymity with *Scandinavian*? They make *Norse* do service both for its real equivalent, *Norsk*, that is *Norwegian*, and also as a term for *Norrana tunga*, the ancient language common to all Scandinavia, or 'Old Norse' as they sometimes call it, just as the old countrywoman of theirs in popular lore maintained that "she should hope everybody knew that Latin is nothing else but a corrupted old Norwegian." I admit the convenience of having a term like *Norse*, if it were strictly confined to the designation of the old Northern tongue, but, in this case, I protest against identifying it with the Norwegian of the present day, particularly as the latter adjective is good enough for this purpose. We Swedes have so long been accustomed to be called Norwegians by implication, that Prof. Boyesen's indignation at being called a Swede, "in spite of all he has written on the subject," seems almost ludicrous under the circumstances. Even the reviewer of Anderson's edition of Laing's and Hildebrand's "Heimskringla," in the very same number in which Prof. B.'s protest appears, speaks of Swedish as an "unknown tongue except to natives or the linguist," and claims that Hildebrand's "storehouse of discussions . . . is a sealed book to any but Norse (!) scholars."

A POOR, BED-RIDDEN Irish woman died in Boston the other day, and the news was cabled round the world. Why?—because she was known to fame either for some great deed of her own accomplishing, or as the parent of some great man? No; she could not claim either distinction—she was only the mother of a prize-fighter—the champion 'slugger,' John L. Sullivan; and his friends think it worth recording that the hard hitter was fond of her and shed tears when he learned that she was dead. Filial affection must be indeed rare when it is recorded of a man, with some show of admiration, that he wept when his mother died. But the 'slugger' did more: he refused to drown his sorrow in whiskey, and ordered that no expense should be spared for her funeral. Who knows but that this expression of natural feeling may be the first step in the evolution of a man from a brute!

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT, in an article on his favorite novels (in which, by the way, he modestly refrains from mentioning any of his own), says:—"Thackeray never appealed to me; I could not sympathize with his method of stopping the story to moralize, and so often with the shallowest results; I have always thought him deficient as well in the two qualities most necessary for a novelist—imagination and passion." Thackeray has had a great deal of praise, but seldom has he received a greater compliment than this.

IN THE CURRENT number of *The Forum* Judge Thomas Hughes, dear to the hearts of American and English readers alike as the creator of 'Tom Brown,' has an article on 'The Lost Leader,' a gentleman who proves to be Mr. Gladstone. The article was written, so the writer tells us, to set the American people right on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's present position on the Irish question. Judge Hughes argues plausibly but speciously. After telling us how well he loves our country, and how staunchly he stood by us during the unhappy years of the Rebellion, he adds: 'It is *our* constitution now which is in peril, our people who are as sharply divided into Unionists and Dis-unionists in 1889 as you were in 1861 into a national and anti-national party.' But Judge Hughes forgets two important points. First that the Southern States voluntarily entered the Union, while Ireland was forced into a union with Eng-

land at the point of the bayonet; and, second, that every Southern State had its own Legislature—which is the chief concession that Ireland asks.

### 1789 James Fenimore Cooper 1889

THE ARRIVAL of the hundredth anniversary of Cooper's birth (Sept. 15) reminds us that our literature is still very young. He was almost the first American writer to win general recognition abroad, and he might, in the course of nature, be living to-day. Almost the first, we say, for 'Knickerbocker's History of New York' had been published in 1809, though the papers which composed the 'Sketch-Book' appeared only in 1819 and 1820—which latter year was the date of Cooper's earliest novel, 'Precaution.' Cooper was, moreover, a much more characteristic product of the soil than Irving. While it will not do to overlook the genuinely native flavor of such work as 'Knickerbocker,' 'Rip Van Winkle,' the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' and many of the tales and sketches in 'Tales of a Traveller' and 'Wolfert's Roost,' yet it remains true that their author was nearly as much an Englishman as an American. His affections and his time were quite evenly divided between the Old World and the New. 'Bracebridge Hall' is English in subject and feeling, and so are many of the papers in the 'Sketch-Book.' Cooper, to be sure, wrote a number of novels of European life, such as 'Precaution,' 'The Bravo,' and 'The Heidenmauer,' but these are by general consent, of very little importance. His title to fame rests exclusively upon his American books.

As a literary artist Cooper cannot rank with Irving, at least in the production of those minor effects which belong to style rather than to invention—if we may use once more the hackneyed distinctions of the rhetoric books. That exquisite English of Irving's! That 'genial' humor, that 'delicate' sentiment, that unfailing good taste! Is it not, perhaps, all of it a little too exquisite and genial and elegant, for the taste of this generation? Cooper had none of this, and he had no luck as a humorist—*i.e.*, in his conscious and deliberate attempts in this kind. His humorous characters are usually such merely, or mainly, by their tenacity in the iteration of some catchword—like Capt. Truck in 'Homeward Bound,' with his everlasting 'category' and his eternal appeal to Vattel.

Cooper had no refinements. He was a large, rough, free writer. When he tried to write fine language, he wrote like this:—"Sweet one, I would not willingly lessen one of thy young and generous pleasures by any of the alloy of my own bitterness; but what wilt thou? A little preparation for that which is as certain to follow as that the sun succeeds the dawn, will rather soften the disappointment thou art doomed to feel." This from a cynical old uncle to his niece, an American girl who has been educated in Europe and is about to sail for home, with high anticipations. And when he tried to write dialect, he wrote like this:—"Has Mr. Dodge conversed with you concerning the ewents of those two or three werry ewentful days?" This from the Negro steward of an American packet ship. One fancies how Mr. Howells or Mr. James would have put the first of the two speeches above, and Mr. Harris or Mr. Cable the second.

In nothing, indeed, has the art of fiction advanced more since Cooper's day than in the dialogue part. That *u.* conversations in Cooper's books are too often tedious interruptions to the progress of the story is the novelist's own fault. But that the language of them is frequently stilted or unnatural is the fault of his time. It is due to the sharp fidelity to details in our modern realists that characters in novels no longer talk like a book. Contrast this old, perfumed, powdered D'Arblay conversation with the present modern talk, says Thackeray, apropos of 'Evelina'; and he says it in the same 'Roundabout' paper in which he professes an immense liking for several of Cooper's heroes and pronounces 'La Longue Carabine' 'one of the great prize-men of fiction.'

But if we take the word art in a broader sense than style, and agree to consider it as including that power of large invention and construction—without regard to the niceties of composition—which produces great and lasting effects, then we shall have to revise our statement that Irving was superior to Cooper as a literary artist. The latter had, certainly a greater creative energy and conquered for himself a wider public. Willis, who met Cooper in Paris in 1831, wrote home that his novels were more popular on the Continent than Walter Scott's, because so much of the charm of Scott's depended upon qualities of style which were untranslatable.

Cooper wrote, it must be confessed, too much. The bibliography of his writings in Prof. Lounsbury's life of him gives seventy-one titles, over two-thirds of them book-titles. Of the Leatherstocking series, his surest claim to immortality, Carlyle wrote:—"Our dear Fenimore Cooper might have given us one 'Natty Leatherstocking,' one melodious synopsis of Man and Nature in the West (for it lay in him to do it), almost as a Saint-Pierre did for the Islands of the East; and the hundred Incoherences, cobbled hastily together by order of Colburn & Company had slumbered in Chaos, as all incoherences ought if possible to do." Let it be granted that the majority of Cooper's novels are worthless or nearly so, still the vitality of his best work assures him a position among the foremost story-tellers of the century. The whole of the Leatherstocking group, and more especially 'The Deerslayer,' 'The Pathfinder' and 'The Last of the Mohicans,' and, unequal to these yet excellent in their kind, 'The Spy,' 'The Pilot' and 'The Red Rover,' are read eagerly to-day by thousands of readers and in a dozen languages. Tried by the test of a popularity that has endured for over half a century, he must be pronounced the most successful of American prose-writers. The absorbing interest of these tales of wild adventure in the forest and on the sea has survived all changes of literary fashion, the disparagement of a more exacting criticism, and the rivalry of opposite schools of fiction.

For the development of fiction, in its two departments of the romance and the realistic novel, has been—until very lately at least—in a direction quite away from Cooper's. His picture of life was an external one. He painted character through action and in conditions which, in civilized society, are exceptional rather than universal. Hawthorne's spiritual romances, Thackeray's satires of society, George Eliot's studies of the moral interaction of ordinary people on one another, all belong to a very different type of fiction from that which Cooper practised. Whether the type is a higher one or not, need not be here enquired. The kind of novel that Cooper wrote has its value and is destined, seemingly, to be perennial. Do we not all devour 'Treasure Island' even here upon this bank and shoal of time? Nay (as Carlyle would say) do we not surreptitiously and with judicious skipping take in 'She' and 'King Solomon's Mines'? The boys at any rate are faithful to Cooper, and there is enough of the boy in most of us to like excitement, danger, fighting, the wilderness and the sea. Thackeray—justifying his fondness for 'The Count of Monte Christo'—says that his boyish love for a 'story' is a healthy and natural one, like the appetite for sweets common to 'all children, all women, all Eastern people, whose tastes are not corrupted by gluttony and strong drink.'

It is an ungracious trait, although a very human one, to look back with something of contempt upon pleasures that we have outgrown. Cooper's books, of course, do not always continue to satisfy. We want a rather more subtle and complicated conception of character than we find in those heroes of our youth, Uncas and Chingachcook and Tom Coffin and Natty Bumppo. We get to crave some light upon our common life, in which, after all, the killing of Mingoes and the navigation of privateers do not cut a very large figure. Then we are apt to regard these tales slightly, as boys' books. But 'Ivanhoe' is a boys' book and

'Robinson Crusoe,' too, as much as the 'Deerslayer,' and both of these are masterpieces in their way, just as Cooper is a master in his way. We have spoken of him as a rough writer, but he is far from a coarse one. Compare him on his own ground with Marryatt or Simms or a dozen others, and see the difference.

Of the two species of fiction which Cooper originated, the sea-novel and the Indian novel, the latter has remained the more peculiarly his own. 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor' is, perhaps, as good as 'The Pilot'; but the Leatherstocking tales have never had their patent successfully infringed. Mr. Lang, in one of his 'Letters on Literature,' confesses that he finds stories about Red Indians the most interesting. The particular Red Indian book which he recommends to his correspondent at Eton is not, indeed, any 'Pathfinder' or 'Deerslayer,' but a certain true narrative of captivity among the Indians. The real Red Indian may not be as red as he is painted, but we take the liberty of prophesying that Mr. Lang's young friend will prefer him with his complexion slightly heightened and all his feathers on his head, as he appears on the fascinating page of his own romancer.

HENRY A. BEERS.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Mr. Brander Matthews reminds us in the September *Century* that Sept. 15 is the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Fenimore Cooper. Mr. Matthews's comments on Cooper's work are just and appreciative. Naturally he follows the general judgment in giving the foremost place to the Leatherstocking Tales and the sea tales, and he intimates that Cooper's Indians, so often in recent years derided, are not without historical support. It has always seemed to me true, that in the lives of such Indians as Powhatan, Tuscaloosa, King Philip, Uncas, Pontiac, Logan, Tecumseh, may be found abundant verification of Cooper's aboriginal studies.

But while the exploits of Chingachcook and the adventures of Natty Bumppo have innumerable admirers, other books by Cooper are greatly neglected, although scarcely less deserving of public favor. How few people have read 'The Crater'! And yet the first half of this romance equals 'Robinson Crusoe' in its own field. The latter half of the story is perhaps less entertaining, but in tracing the evolution of an empire it is still eminently suggestive and edifying. 'Satanstoe' must be admitted, I think, to be the very best picture that we have of early colonial life in New York, and 'The Water-Witch' has fairly given a classic stamp to the waters that surround Manhattan Island. This book ought to be the delight of every one living on the shores of our bay. I wonder how many of our people that go down to the Neversink Highlands, or traverse Sandy Hook on the way to Long Branch, think or know that the scenes through which they pass occupy so large a place in one of the most perfect productions of our imaginative literature. Another unique work by Cooper is 'The Sea Lions'—the only book of Arctic adventure, within my knowledge, that carries its actors towards the South rather than the North Pole. Some of Cooper's books were published at a time when he was somewhat out of public favor, and hence justice has never been done them.

There is one noticeable gap in the Leatherstocking series that must have been remarked by all readers of those books. This is that while Natty Bumppo figures in the series before and after the War of the Revolution, yet he is not carried through that memorable period. Natty Bumppo in the Revolution would stand, if Cooper had not forgotten his skill, an entrancing figure, and great is the pity that the world has it not. I happen to know that Cooper had at one time contemplated a volume that should supply this missing link in his old hero's life. About 1840 Cooper's works passed into the hands of Stringer & Townsend, a popular publishing firm of that period. I am informed by a member of that firm that shortly after this transfer Cooper went to his publishers and proposed a Revolutionary story with Bumppo for the hero. But his new publishers strangely enough discouraged it. 'I shall never forget,' said my informant, in telling me this story, 'the shadow that came over Mr. Cooper's face on finding his plan was not approved.' The reason for discouraging the project was the apprehension that if unsuccessful the new volume would prove an injury to a series that stood as it was at a high pecuniary value. I, for one, can but think it a great pity that a publisher's over-caution should have prevented the production of a romance that could scarcely have failed to prove a delightful accession to American letters.

There are many statues in our parks to distinguished men, but is there an American to whom such an honor would be more fit than the creator of Leatherstocking and the author of 'The Water-Witch'?

NEW YORK, Sept. 4, 1889.

O. B. BUNCE.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Sometime before Cooper went to Europe in 1826—I am inclined to think it was in 1825—he published a small volume containing two stories. One was called 'Heart,' the other 'Imagination.' The pieces have never been reprinted, nor have I ever been able to secure even a sight of the volume containing them. Not only have I not read these stories myself: I never could find anybody that had read them. More than that, I could not even find any one who had made the pretence of reading them for the purpose of writing a notice of them. For all that, the volume was printed and published. I am sorry I can not furnish you any fuller information, but such as it is, it is at your service.

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 31, 1889.

T. R. LOUNSBURY.

[Brander Matthews, in *The Century* for September.]

In his admirable life of Cooper, one of the best of modern biographies, Professor Lounsbury shows clearly the extraordinary state of affairs with which Cooper had to contend. Foremost among the disadvantages against which he had to labor was the dull, deadening provincialism of American criticism at the time when 'The Spy' was written; and as we read Professor Lounsbury's pages we see how bravely Cooper fought for our intellectual emancipation from the shackles of the British criticism of that time, even more ignorant then and more insular than it is now. Abroad Cooper received the attention nearly always given in literature to those who bring a new thing; and the new thing which Cooper annexed to literature was America. At home he had to struggle against a belief that our soil was barren of romance—as though the author who used his eyes could not find ample material wherever there was humanity. Cooper was the first who proved the fitness of American life and American history for the uses of fiction. 'The Spy' is really the first of American novels, and it remains one of the best. Cooper was the prospector of that little army of industrious miners now engaged in working every vein of local color and character, and in sifting out the golden dust from the sands of local history. The authors of 'Oldtown Folks,' of the 'Tales of the Argonauts,' of 'Old Creole Days,' and of 'In the Tennessee Mountains,' were but following in Cooper's footsteps—though they carried more modern tools. And when the desire of the day is for detail and for finish, it is not without profit to turn again to stories of a bolder sweep. When the tendency of the times is perhaps toward an undue elaboration of miniature portraits, there is gain in going back to the masterpieces of a literary artist who succeeded best in heroic statues. And not a few of us, whatever our code of literary aesthetics, may find delight, fleeting though it be, in the free outline drawing of Cooper, after our eyes are tired by the niggling and cross-hatching of many among our contemporary realists. When our pleasant duty is done, when our examination is at an end, and when we seek to sum up our impressions and to set them down plainly, we find that chief among Cooper's characteristics were, first, a sturdy, hearty, robust, outdoor and open-air wholesomeness, devoid of any trace of offense and free from all morbid taint; and, secondly, an intense Americanism—ingrained, abiding, and dominant. Professor Lounsbury quotes from an English magazine of 1831 the statement that to an Englishman Cooper appeared to be prouder of his birth as an American than of his genius as an author—an attitude which may seem to some a little old-fashioned, but which on Cooper's part was both natural and becoming.

#### Households of Women

MISS EMILY F. WHEELER's article on 'Households of Women,' which appeared in *THE CRITIC* of August 24, has met with the approval of a number of well-known educators. Her contention that pupils and teachers both are harmed by being thrown constantly together at women's colleges is heartily supported by Mr. Arthur Gilman, Secretary of the Society for the Collegiate Education of Women—the so-called Harvard Annex; and by Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, who was chiefly instrumental in organizing the Columbia Annex in this city which is to bear the name of Barnard College. President James E. Rhoads of Bryn Mawr writes that 'it is no part of the design of this college that instructors and students should live in the same buildings.' Miss

Cleveland is less positive in her views, thinking the whole matter 'a question of the individual rather than of the Institution, the mass or the class.' A former student at Smith College calls attention to the fact that last year of 430 pupils there, only 170 lived in the college houses.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I am heartily in sympathy with Miss Wheeler's article. To me the most important objection to the dormitory system at women's colleges lies in the fact that too much stress is laid on the *intellectual* development of the scholars. There is not the same chance for the free development of the social instinct as when the home life lies outside of the college walls.

After a struggle of many years, it is now pretty generally admitted that women possess the capacity to swallow intellectual food that was formerly considered the diet of men exclusively. But there remains to be proved that the digestive apparatus of women has not suffered in the process. It is a common opinion that a woman who has gone through the college mill is turned out less attractive and less gracefully feminine than her more humble sisters; that, in short, a sort of social dyspepsia comes on which is produced by the partaking of unsuitable mental food. And there is nothing more disagreeable than a dyspeptic. Is it true that women lose a great deal of their attractiveness when they return from college? I have met many admirable women who would prove the contrary, yet I am sorry to have to admit that the tendency among women to-day is to grow less attractive socially and physically, as they advance in intellectuality. This certainly ought not to be, but under the existing conditions of woman's life it is difficult to prevent it.

The question of the day is how to reconcile intellect in women with feminine grace and social distinction. Our first step must be to make their access to the college less of a 'steep and thorny way.' This can be best done by sending our daughters to a college in our own town; this would spare mothers the dreaded separation which prevents many of them from consenting to the collegiate education of their daughters. But the most important advantage lies in the happy combination of social and intellectual life which is thus obtained. The home life of the girl with its 'sweetness and light' ought to keep aglow her heart during the dangerous period when her brain is too apt to be exercised and her other organs neglected; whence the indigestion. If a girl can not remain at home and attend college, the next best thing is to send her to live among friends or relatives; at least let there be some real home life. The constant presence, in the dormitory system, of women with a common intellectual aim has a narrowing, one-sided influence upon the scholars; as Miss Wheeler says, 'the intellectual atmosphere is far too intense.'

I can answer for Barnard College that the chief aim of its founders was to have a college in New York for the large number of New York women who have been forced either to have no college education, or to leave their homes. There is small probability of a dormitory system there, as I do not think Barnard College will ever differ in this respect from its parental college, Columbia.

To sum up, then, I would repeat: Make the way easy for women to enter college; and when there, take the utmost care that their entire woman's nature is rounded. Beyond all, beware lest the head is cultivated at the expense of the heart.

Men and women make  
The world, as head and heart make human life.  
Work man, work woman, since there's work to do  
In this beleaguered earth, for head and heart  
And thought can never do the work of love!

NEW YORK, Aug. 31, 1889.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Miss Wheeler is in error when she says in her interesting article that the Harvard Annex is only restrained from having a dormitory by the lack of funds. We are, and always have been, as much opposed to the massing of girls and their teachers as she can be. I have carried out my own views in establishing Margaret Winthrop Hall, as the residence of the Cambridge School for Girls. A very small number can be accommodated there, and not one of the teachers of the young ladies is permitted to live with them. When they leave school they are as completely free from the school 'atmosphere' as any attendants upon a day school are when they retire to their homes. The Annex can, however, never mass its students and their teachers, for the reason that all of its instructors are men—Professors in Harvard University. Even if it had a dormitory, its students would still be free from the nervous excitement and danger

of possible espionage that they might feel were their teachers all women, and were those women their constant house-mates.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., August 26, 1889. ARTHUR GILMAN.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I can say nothing satisfactory, because I have thought too much about it to make the precise and concise expressions of assent or dissent which is what you should have and which is what you ask. The ideal school does not exist, and I think its approximations are those over which the best men and women preside. It is a question wholly of the Shepherd and of the Sheep. As to the latter, they can be in flocks and under one fold—*i. e.*, be a 'Household of Women'—and yet prosper every way, if the Shepherd, or Shepherds, are right. I believe in some boarding-schools and not in others. There are girls who are benefitted and girls who are harmed there. All which you see is very vague, and narrows the question (as every thing does every question) to a question of the Individual, rather than of the Institution, the mass or the clan.

ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

THE WEEDS, HOLLAND PATENT, N. Y.,  
August 27, 1889.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The article on 'Households of Women' treats of two questions that may be considered separately. As to the first, it is not usually desirable that instructors should live in halls of residence for students, but it may be necessary for reasons of convenience. In the case of teachers who have fine social gifts and a strong interest in girls, residence for a few years in a college hall adds to the happiness and social development of themselves and of the students. It is no part of the design of this college that instructors and students should live in the same buildings.

As to the second, in most instances undergraduates cannot find helpful companionship in the lodgings that are open to them, and it is far better for them to live in college halls amid the bright and stimulating society of their fellow-students than in boarding-houses. Graduate students generally, and undergraduates that can command good homes near enough to a college to escape undue fatigue and loss of time in coming from and going to them, do well to live outside colleges. This is encouraged here so far as circumstances allow.

The best arrangement attainable at present seems to be a mixed faculty living in houses of their own in the vicinity of a college, keeping up in them an inexpensive but cultured social life into which men and women from without enter, and which the students share; a large part of the students resident in halls of moderate size presided over by women of culture and social fitness, with a few holders of fellowships intermingled to give a tone of earnestness and devotion to intellectual pursuits; with a portion of the students, particularly graduates, living without the college precincts.

BRYN MAWR, PA., 8mo. 29, 1889.

JAMES E. RHOADS.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Will you kindly call attention to a fact of which Miss Wheeler seems ignorant? Last year out of 430 students at Smith College, only 170 lived in the college houses. The remaining 260 were scattered about Northampton. But although the 'keeping college boarders' has assumed the dimensions of a thriving industry in that charming little city, the pressure for accommodations within a suitable distance of the yard far exceeds the possible supply. To help matters the Trustees have just erected a new dormitory which will take in 90 students. President Seelye and the Professors fully recognize the disadvantages of such big houses; but what can they do? The endowment is wholly inadequate to the needs of an institution such as Smith has grown to be; and every year the applications for admission grow more and more. That the girls themselves do not object to the 'conventual system' is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that they crowd into the college buildings just as fast as vacancies occur, and that the upper classes live there almost exclusively. Having tried both methods myself, during my course, I vote most heartily for the life inside the yard.

NORWICH, VERMONT.

S. C., '85.

The *New England Magazine* promises a series of illustrated articles on the educational institutions of the country, beginning with 'Wellesley College,' by Miss M. L. Hodgkins, and including the Harvard Annex, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Clark University, Girard College, Hampton, William and Mary, and other important institutions.

### The Washington Memorial Arch

ON SEPTEMBER 4 the fund amounted to \$49,990.21; on the 10th it had grown to \$50,873.71. The steps in this growth were as follows:

\$500:—Merchants' Club.

\$100 each:—Mrs. William R. Stewart; Miss Francis Jones; Miss Rebecca M. Jones.

\$37:—Thirty-seven readers of *Commercial Advertiser*, \$1 each.

\$25:—Charles S. Brown.

\$10:—Renshaw Mason Jones.

\$5:—Cash.

\$2 each:—Charles Schindler; 'E. S. L.'

\$2.50:—Four readers of *Evening Telegram*.

The point (\$50,000) has now been reached and passed at which, it was announced long since, work would be begun. Mr. Stanford White, the architect, is expected home from Europe in October, and will attend at once to the completion of the plans for the permanent Arch. The members of the Committee which has the matter in charge are also returning to town, and will lend efficient aid to Treasurer Stewart in raising the rest of the \$100,000 needed. Thus far the subscriptions have averaged about \$500 per working day.

### The Fine Arts

#### Art Notes

THE Treasury Department has declined to grant the request of Mr. Henry G. Marquand of New York, for a modification of the decision relative to the importation of collections of antiquities. The correspondent wished the decision (which defined such works as those produced before the year 1700) modified so as to admit free the paintings of Reynolds, Gainsborough and other artists who lived at about the year 1800, and are recognized by the British Museum as 'Old Masters.' The Department, however, holds that these works are not antiquities in any proper sense of the term, and that such a radical modification as that sought can be made only by act of Congress. So if Mr. Marquand wants to supplement his gift to the Metropolitan Museum of half a million dollars' worth of old masters with a similar collection of paintings of more recent date, he must pay a fine of \$150,000 for the offense. As it would not be a 'first offense,' the Government might increase the amount. A man of public spirit ought always to be corrected before he becomes hardened in well-doing.

—According to the *London Globe*, 'The Angelus' left Paris in a blaze of glory. 'It was lined with red satin and laid in a beautiful black box, bound with iron, which in turn was enclosed in another—stronger, but no less beautiful. In deep silence the picture was then handed over to the representative of the Art Association of the United States, by whom it will be unpacked and exhibited as conveyances permit, to the wondering eyes of the inhabitants of European capitals. That being accomplished, the representative of the Art Association of the United States will escort it to the City of New York.'

—A Paris correspondent of the *Philadelphia Telegraph* tells this story:

One often hears of a valuable work by a famous artist being disposed of at auction or in some obscure brie-à-brac shop and bought for a mere song by some lucky individual, the value of the picture being wholly unknown. These stories, more or less apocryphal, have now been supplemented by a genuine occurrence which took place at the Hôtel Drouot the other day. A sale of some deceased person's goods and chattels was going on. The lots comprised a few pictures, dingy and dusty and in cracked old frames. Among these was a small painting, executed on a panel, and representing a drunken soldier at a tavern door. It was signed in the corner with the initial M. surmounted with a capital E. turned upside down. It was bought by a group of the Black Band for \$20, and was afterward disposed of to a French gentleman for \$30. The purchaser took his new acquisition to M. Bernheim, one of the leading art experts of Paris, to ask him what he thought of it. 'A very good example of Meissonier's work,' quoth M. Bernheim. 'If you want to sell it I will give you \$4,000 for it at once.' Off hurried the owner of the picture to Meissonier himself to ask if the painting were really executed by him. 'Certainly it is my work,' responded the artist. 'I painted it somewhere between 1860 and 1865, I should say, to judge by the monogram with which it is signed.' Its owner is quite beside himself with delight at his lucky 'find.' But what about the heirs of the deceased man, the original owner of the picture, and how came it that none of the official experts attached to the Hôtel Drouot had sense enough to recognize the work of a famous living French painter?

## Andrew Lang

[The Scots Observer]

A SCHOLAR without pedantry, a master of light yet polished verse, a profound student of folk-lore and anthropology, a journalist capable of all save dulness, the laureate and the chronicler of many sports, Mr. Andrew Lang is a king among free-lances—the Admirable Crichton of modern letters. He has ridden upon many quests, and few of his adventures have led to failure. His early enthusiasm for traditions and legends of the Border, his education at the 'haunted town' of St. Andrews, gave him more than a tinge of romance, which all the discipline and all the culture of Oxford have not been able to abolish or destroy; and thus it is that he can approach the classics with a freshness and an intelligence which are rare. In one of his pleasant 'Letters on Literature,' he reminds us that in the age of Lovelace even soldiers displayed a right appreciation of ancient literature, and could build the lofty rhyme in Latin or in Greek. But scholarship has ceased to be the pursuit of gentlemen and poets. The scientific spirit has invaded the study of 'humane letters' and to the learned of to-day Homer and Vergil, Cicero and Demosthenes are little more than museums of grammatical forms. To this heresy—this 'Dry-as-dustism from the root upwards'—Mr. Lang is resolutely opposed. He has always shown more sympathy with the Lovelaces than with the Casaubons. Particle-hunting has no charm for him. He is rather concerned with the art of Sophocles than with any unwonted use of the 'middle' discoverable in his works. In criticising Herodotus and Lucian side by side with Dickens and Thackeray he has recalled the fact—which our education would bid us forget—that the writers of antiquity had human hearts after all, and recorded the deeds and unveiled the passions of mankind with no less insight and enthusiasm than their brethren of to-day. And not only has he brought back the ancients to the realms of literary criticism from which the learned incontinently eject them: he has likewise shown us once for all how they should be translated. Professor Jowett's 'Plato' and Professor Jebb's 'Sophocles,' excellent as they are according to their own ideal, are little better than glorified 'unseens.' A translation is only completely successful, we imagine, when, while conforming to the literary convention of the language in which it is written, it communicates a something of the spirit and color of the original. Tried by this standard, Mr. Lang's Homeric and Theocritean achievements will not be found wanting. The rich rhythmical prose which he has chosen to represent the sounding hexameters of the 'Odyssey' entitle him to a place beside the great scholars of that golden age of translation, the sixteenth century. His 'Theocritus,' his 'Aucassin and Nicolette' are so many inventions of style. What a 'Candide' he might give us an he would! And if he would but throw in an Englishing of Lucian, how should our debt be paid?

Mr. Lang's success in verse has been scarce so conspicuous; but it is real enough in its way. It is not for him to scale the heights of Parnassus, but he has gathered a goodly sheaf of the grass which grows at its foot. All the lighter forms of verse he handles with peculiar ease. To him is largely due the naturalisation of the old French metres among us; and the ballade and the villanelle for which he did so much have been meat and drink to the poetaster for many a day. His Jekyll indeed has had not one but a whole legion of Hydes, and in this respect one may wish, and not offend, that his facility had been scarce so happy-starred. But it is in singing the praises of 'the College of the scarlet gown,' of Eildon's triple hill, of Tweed which 'murmurs like my cradle song,' that he is heard to the best advantage. 'Almæ Matres' and 'The Last Cast' are more than merely musical; they have the emotional touch—the *note émue*—as well.

To the cause of Folklore and Anthropology Mr. Lang has done great and lasting service. Has he not utterly exploded the theory (maintained chiefly by 'those of the tribes of the Alemanni') that 'myth-makers lived in a tremulous and passionate sympathy with nature, and with the fortunes of the day and the year, of the dawn and the dew'? Has he not pursued with relentless ridicule all them that hold mythology to be but a 'disease of language,' that myth and *märchen* alike are only picturesque descriptions of dawn, sunset, wind, and tempest? He has a peculiar dislike of serious controversy, and he has so befuddled and bejested his opponents, the solar mythologists, that their influence is laughed away. Yet he never loses sight of the logic of his position; his mastery of facts is as complete as his argument is close and cogent; and his wit, when he chooses to make use of it, is all the more deadly therefore. Most of his essays on this subject (his introduction to Grimm's 'Household Stories,' for instance) are no less remarkable for their logical force than for their ingenious and fatal humor. And he is no mere destructive critic. He has expounded the anthropological or historical method of studying mythology with admirable lucidity.

Many, who are never likely to open the works of Tylor or McLennan, have learned from him that the customs of contemporary savages are the best possible commentary on the myths of Hellas; that the brutal and silly elements in mythology are but a legacy from the ancestors of civilized men; and that as in the domain of art there are many objects (such as pipkins) which may only be described as *human*, so in the field of mythology there are many stories which are the common property of all mankind.

Mr. Lang's position as a journalist is unique. For many years he has been a constant contributor to journals and magazines. There are one or two which you cannot open without a thrill of expectation that they may hold a 'Lang.' Yet he has never written of what was uppermost in the public mind; he has always preferred to babble pleasantly of what was engrossing his own:—of book-hunting, perhaps, or cricket, or golf, or Thackeray, or fishing. But whatever he chooses to discuss, of this you may be certain, that he rarely covers a column without a reference to the Homeric hero or the friendly Bushman. The King Charles's Heads which he keeps on his premises are as numerous as the skulls of the head-hunter of the Solomon Islands. He cannot speak of Plotinus without a side glance at the Zulus, or discourse concerning Agamemnon's bones without reminding you of T'chaka or Panda. His articles on sport, if they lack gusto (and they do), are touched with a skill unknown before. The literature of cricket—displaying style and form as well as knowledge—may be said to be his invention. Yet of late he has shown signs of transferring his allegiance to golf, his earlier love. He has written of fishing with the scholarly grace and just a trace of the enthusiasm of old Walton himself. He has woven romances out of the second-hand bookshop. On occasion he can be the sternest of critics. Vulgarity and pretentiousness of style never escape his scorn. But his weapons of attack are ever of the lightest. He knows not the scalping-knife, and the bludgeon is too heavy for his hand. Has he not been called the Ghost of Lucian? There is no doubt a bond of sympathy between him and the Samosatene, yet the description is hardly fair. Lucian laughed to scorn theology and morals. Mr. Lang reserves his sarcasms for 'le dernier de M. W. de Howells' or some brand-new *poseur* in style from wild America. But he always lays on the lash with such reckless and such unexpected humor, the victim cannot choose but pass to resentment through laughter. He has been merciless to our brethren in the States, but of him few Englishmen are more popular than he in the cultivated circles (and we are told they are large and numerous) of Boston and New York. And the manner is no less admirable than the matter. It may be said of him, as of scarce another living writer, that his journalism is nearly always literature. He can handle the English tongue with uncommon tact and skill. His touch is as light as the brush of a butterfly's wing. His pen glides over the paper with an insolence of ease. The neatness with which his articles are compacted is astonishing. He has not a rival in the saying of risky things with an appearance of innocence. He touches a colloquialism, and behold! it has acquired a certain elegance. 'Cling to the fair and witty Jane, if you get a chance,' is his way of extolling the author of 'Pride and Prejudice.' He can catch another's style to perfection. He is a master in the curious art of 'dipping.' In his 'Letters to Dead Authors' he has chafed a skeptical critic in the language of Herodotus. He has brought back Eusebius to the world to make sport of Muellerus and Benfeius. In couplets not unworthy of Alexander himself, he has touched the absurdity of Pope's Homer:—

But, ah, your Iliad seems a half-pretence,  
Where Wits, not Heroes, prove their skill in Fence;  
And great Achilles' Eloquence doth show  
As if no Centaur trained him, but Boileau.

Of course he has his limitations; but even these spring from his extraordinary intellectual equipment. His cleverness has always prevented any display of enthusiasm. He has written not much to touch the heart. He rarely professes any interest in serious topics. He has given as few clues to his opinions upon theology or politics as 'the Bard' himself. It would be almost impossible to discover from his writings whether he was Whig or Tory, Calvinist or Muggletonian. But we recall some verses about Gordon, and a passage in the 'Letter' to Sir Walter, which ring with excellent patriotism. Theology and politics we can go wanting (and glad!) but it were idle to express aught save regret for the continued absence of enthusiasm.

It only remains to record the fact that Mr. Lang has written a 'shilling shocker' and a conventional epic, neither of which has found many readers. Once, too, he wrote a dull article; but that was in *The Contemporary Review*, and he was only obeying the rules of the game, and giving one proof more of his amazing versatility.

## Current Criticism

A NOVELIST'S LITERARY LIKINGS.—Our intellect has nothing to do with our likes and dislikes; and it is not brains in a book that makes me care for it, but the nature and temperament. Nor are my favorite books those that—as the phrase is—appeal to the highest part of me, but those which are most in sympathy with that level of my life where I mainly exist. There are hours in which I enjoy Milton, Dante or Wordsworth, but most of the time I wish to breathe warmer and denser air. Occasionally I derive comfort from the historical works of Dr. Francis Rabelais, and from fat roast pork with onions: but I cannot live on either. Six days of the week I like George Borrow's 'Lavengro' as well as anything, or better. There is a man in it. Then Trelawney's 'Records of Byron, Shelley, and the Author.' No more masculine book has been written. I like all Thackeray, but some pages (of course) ever so much better than others. In fact, it is inaccurate to talk of liking any whole book; one likes certain pages or passages here and there, and loves the book for their sake. I like all Balzac, but none of him better than 'Cousine Bette.' Dumas the elder—any of his D'Artagnan romances; and parts of 'Monte Cristo' are unspeakably likable. Dumas fils—I like his 'Dame aux Portes' best. I am always ready to reread George Sand's 'Mauprat' or 'Homme de Neige.' I like Bacon as I do fresh water and pure air. As for Shakspeare, he includes the whole gamut, from high to low, and there is no mood of mine to which something of his is not of incomparable succulence. There is never a time, either, when I cannot find exactly what best suits me down to the very core in Swedenborg. The whole secret of human nature is in his books. Every man who is a man likes Defoe, Swift, Fielding, Smollett and Sterne. But I will not continue this enumeration. Besides, tomorrow I might make out a different one. It is needless to say that I dote on the work of contemporaries.—*Julian Hawthorne, in Belford's Magazine.*

'THE POCAHONTAS STORY NOT A MYTH.'—The story of Pocahontas is absolutely true. Nobody doubted it till 1866, when Charles Deane started the present skepticism on the point. Henry Stevens believed Smith implicitly, and he is the greatest authority of our age. Before I edited Smith's works I knew of all this doubt; and I went coolly and warily into the matter, determined to find out the truth. Bit by bit the evidence accumulated, until the honesty of statement and high character of the Lincolnshire captain came out refulgently. Of Pocahontas's existence and services to the English colony no man doubts. The question is, Did she render this peculiar service to Smith? No one was present there but himself. Did he invent it afterwards? Was he a liar generally? Certainly not. In my reprint many greater hairbreadth escapes than that are recorded in his life; and in later Indian stories captive men have often been saved from death by Indian squaws. Such an incident is almost commonplace. So, after a most rigorous test, I was happy to believe that the Pocahontas story is not a myth like the William Tell one, but a solid, historical fact.—*Prof. Edward Arber, quoted in The Athenæum.*

THE LIFE OF A CHILD-ACTRESS.—Having been taught when but four or five years old to recite poems and dramatic scenes, I was brought out as a child-actress, although hardly able to speak plainly. What a nuisance I must have been. Luckily, the fashion does not exist nowadays. Fortunate children! Fortunate public! I wish I could recall a happy childhood, but, alas! I can remember only work and responsibility from a very tender age. No games, no romps, no toys—nothing which makes a child's life joyous. I can recollect a doll, but not the time to play with it, for we only met at night, when it shared my pillow; and as I looked into its face, before I fell asleep after my work, I often wished I could play with it sometimes. When other children were cosily tucked up in bed, dreaming of their sunny lives, their limbs tired only by the romps and pleasures of the day, I was trudging by my father's side in all weathers to the theatre, where I had to play somebody else's child, or to recite one of the many character sketches which my father had written for me. I was, of course, much petted by the public; but oh, the work! My poor little body was often sadly tired. I was roused many a time from sound sleep to go upon the stage, and sometimes, in my half-wakefulness, would begin the wrong recitation. At the age of five I recited Collins's 'Ode to the Passions,' accompanied by special music. My poor little arms and legs were so red from the cold that I represented a tricolor. My poor mother toiled night and day to drill the words into my young head. For a long while my health was delicate.—*Mrs. Bancroft, in 'On and Off the Stage.'*

## Notes

MR. W. C. BROWNELL'S 'French Traits,' a book of which we have had occasion to speak in highly complimentary terms, is appreciably reviewed in *The Athenæum* of Aug. 31. Doubt is expressed 'whether so thoughtful, so valuable a page of international criticism has appeared since M. Taine gave to the world his "Notes on England." Two and a half pages are devoted to a review of the 'Recollections of a Nurse,' by E. D. (Sister Emma). The author's experiences have been varied, including service in several cities on the Continent and in the British campaigns in Zululand and Egypt. She has lately attended Lord Tennyson, and 'England is largely indebted to Sister Emma's remarkable skill and care for the speedy and perfect restoration to health of one of the most beloved and most illustrious men in the English-speaking world.'

—The nineteenth English edition of Haydn's 'Dictionary of Dates,' announced as in preparation for issue this season, will contain 1088 pages—seventy-five more than the last edition contained.

—Lord Tennyson will contribute a new poem to the *Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman* of September 14; and in the same journal a serial novelette by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will be commenced at an early date. Contributions also will appear shortly from Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Walter Besant, and others of prominence in literature.

—To Bohn's Standard Library will shortly be added Miss Betham-Edward's edition of Arthur Young's 'Travels in France.' It will have an introduction, notes, a biography, and a portrait—additions based on materials supplied by the author's grandson.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons' fall list includes 'A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees,' by Edwin A. Dix; 'The Land of the Viking and the Empire of the Tsar,' by E. Frazer Blackstock; 'In the Time of the Cherry Viewing: A Tale of Life in Japan'; 'Liberty and a Living; or, Working and Playing on the Great South Bay,' by Philip G. Hubert, Jr.; a selection of 'The Letters of Horace Walpole,' edited by Charles D. Yonge; and the following verse: 'Epithalamium,' by Mary M. Barnes; 'The New Pandora: A Drama,' by Harriett H. Robinson; and 'Day Lilies, and Other Poems,' by Jeanie O. Smith.

—In London a few weeks ago, at an auction sale, a copy of Thackeray's 'Second Funeral of Napoleon' and 'The Chronicle of the Drum' (1841) brought 30*l.*, the first edition of 'Oliver Twist' 32*l.*, the first series of 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' original edition, 10*l.* 10*s.*, and the first edition of 'David Copperfield' 9*l.*

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish to-day (Saturday) 'Jonathan Edwards,' by Prof. A. V. G. Allen, the first volume in their series of American Religious Leaders; Thoreau's 'Walden' and Hawthorne's 'The Gray Champion, and Other Stories,' in the Riverside Aldine Series; and 'The Virginians,' in the library edition of Thackeray's Works.

—The next volumes in the Story of the Nations Series after Helen Zimmern's account of the Hansa towns will be Alfred J. Church's 'Story of Early Britain,' W. K. Morfill's Russia, and Z. A. Ragozin's Vedic India.

—Harper & Bros. have just published 'A History of the Kansas Crusade,' by Eli Thayer (himself the 'Crusader'), with an introduction by his fellow-worker, Dr. Hale; 'Man and His Maladies; or, The way to Health,' by Dr. A. E. Bridger; Walter Besant's 'Children of Gibeon'; 'Capt. Polly,' by Sophie Swett; 'Princess Liliwinkins, and Other Stories,' by Henrietta C. Wright; a cheap edition of Col. R. M. Johnston's 'Ogeechee Cross-Firings'; and No. 6 of 'The Franklin Square Song Collection,' selected by J. P. McCaskey.

—*St. Nicholas* is to be enlarged, beginning with the new volume, which opens with November, and a new and clearer type will be adopted. Serial stories by four well-known American authors will be given during the coming year.

—Beginning with the new volume, in October, the *English Illustrated Magazine* will be printed in a new type, and the letter-press will be printed across the page; the magazine will also be increased in size. During the year, there will appear a series of illustrated papers by the Princess Christian; a series of illustrated sporting articles by men prominent in the sporting world, including one on Yacht Racing, by the Earl of Dunraven. Special efforts will be made to interest American readers. The editor promises a series of articles on the great routes of travel throughout the world, beginning with an account of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the new ocean route to Australia. In the October number will begin a new story by Lord Lytton, British Minister to France, entitled 'The Ring of Amasis.'

—Frank R. Stockton has written a characteristic story called 'The Merry Chanter,' to begin in the November *Century* and run through four numbers. The story takes its name from a vessel which starts from a Massachusetts port with the owners, a young married couple, on board, and a crew consisting of four village captains of unusual experience. Mr. Dana Gibson will illustrate it. The same number will contain a story by Mark Twain. During the coming year *The Century* is to have an illustrated series of articles on the French salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, including portraits and pen-portraits of many of the leaders.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. is the latest publishing-house to issue a literary bulletin. It is called *New Publications*.

—Several Boston newspaper men of experience have united with capitalists in the formation of the Transatlantic Publishing Co., which will issue in a few weeks the first number of a large semi-monthly called *The Transatlantic: A Mirror of European Life and Letters*. The new paper, it is promised, will present the cream of the interesting and important news and literary matter which is found in the daily, weekly, and monthly press of Europe.

—William O. Stoddard will contribute to *Harper's Young People* Sept. 17 the first instalment of a Western serial to be called 'The Red Mustang'—an appropriate title for a story which is full of action.

—Congressman Samuel Sullivan Cox—the 'funny man' of the House for a long term of years—died on Tuesday evening at his home in Twelfth Street, this city. It is said that when he was told in the morning that there was a chance that he might recover, he replied, with unflinching wit, that he would take it. Mr. Cox's nickname of 'Sunset' is popularly supposed to have been derived from the somewhat excessive splendor of an article contributed to the Columbus, O., *Statesman*, a journal of which he became the proprietor in 1853. He was a lawyer by profession, but his whole life for the past thirty-three years had been passed in Congress, except for a period of two years when he was out of service altogether, and another of one year when he was Minister to Turkey. He wrote a number of books, the first being 'The Buckeye Abroad' (1853); 'Puritanism in Politics,' 'Why We Laugh,' 'Eight Years in Congress,' 'Free Land and Free Trade,' 'Arctic Sunbeams,' 'Orient Sunbeams,' 'The Isles of the Princes; or, The Pleasures of Prinkipo,' and 'Three Decades of Federal Legislation.'

—Spencer Walpole's biography of Earl Russell will comprise two volumes, and Longmans & Co. will be its publishers. Lady Russell has given Mr. Walpole access to all the diaries and private correspondence of her husband.

—Among the contents of the October *Harper's* will be 'With the Eyes Shut,' by the author of 'Looking Backward'; 'Recent Progress in Surgery,' by Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia; 'The Building of the Church of St. Denis,' by Prof. C. E. Norton; 'The Noble Patron,' a poem by Austin Dobson, illustrated by E. A. Abbey; 'The Fair of Nijni-Novgorod,' by Theo. Child; 'A Corner of Scotland Worth Knowing,' by W. G. Blaikie, D.D.; an account of the Dunkers of Ephrata, Penn., by Howard Pyle; and 'Forests of the California Coast Range.'

—'Pilgrim's Progress' has been done into the Chinese dialect of Amoy. This is said to be the eighty-third language or distinctive dialect in which Bunyan's masterwork has appeared.

—Admiral Porter has written another novel, and D. Appleton & Co. will publish it soon under the title of 'Arthur Merton.' The same firm announce also Mme. Carrette's 'Recollections of the Court of the Tuileries'; Edna Lyall's new novel, 'The Hardy Norseman'; an Epitome of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy, by Howard Collins, with a preface by the philosopher himself; and 'Great Leaders: Historic Portraits from the Great Historians,' consisting of eighty selections from the writings of Gibbon, Grote, Hume, Macaulay, Green, Motley, and other historians.

—Mr. Val Prinsep, the well-known A. R. A., has written a novel. It is his first story, and will appear in *Longman's Magazine* in January, and run for twelve months.

—David Gamut gives in the *Times* this version of the history of the origin of the Book Fellows' Club:

Mr. Valentin Blacque, being possessed with much artistic discernment, an ardent love for books, and an impatient desire for more treasures than come of the Hôtel Drouot and Sotheby's, one fine day invited to dinner Messrs. W. L. Andrews and A. Duprat, and there delivered a speech which is lost to the records of bibliomania, but may be reconstructed in tenor, if not in exact diction, from the memory of its two auditors. He said that it would take longer than they could wait to found a club of a hundred book-lovers without a publisher, bookseller, printer, or bookbinder—estimable people, but directly interested in the making of books. Then, that he was the founder and only member of

a club called the Book Fellows, which at its first meeting had made him President, as was his due; Treasurer, as was his penalty, and Secretary, executive, membership, and publication committees, as was his pleasure. If they desired to become members he would pass upon their applications at once. No initiation fee was required, but they were expected to share proportionately in the expense of the publication of the first book, which would be Locker's 'London Lyrics.' A month after came a portrait, a book-plate, and a poem in manuscript of Locker, and at the third dinner, two months later, the only officer of the Book Fellows' Club presented to its two members bills of the bookmakers for \$560—public interest absolutely requires this indiscretion—in settlement whereof every one drew his check for \$186.66.

—'Familiar Talks on Astronomy,' by Capt. W. H. Parker; 'Musical Moments,' a collection of poetical passages relating to music, both natural and instrumental; and 'Theresa at San Domingo,' a child's story of the Negro revolt in 1789, from the French of Mme. Fresneau, are among the forthcoming publications of A. C. McClurg & Co.

—D. Appleton & Co. are about to bring out in book form the valuable series of papers contributed by Mr. David A. Wells to *The Popular Science Monthly* in 1887-8. The articles have been in large part rewritten, and new matter has been added, and the work is one of such importance as to justify the ponderous title under which it will be given to the world: 'Recent Economic Changes, and Their Effect on the Production and Distribution of Wealth and the Well-being of Society.'

—White & Allen announce for this month 'Witch Winnie: A Story of a King's Daughter,' by Elizabeth W. Champney; the nursery tale of Cinderella illustrated in colors by G. W. Brenne-man; and illustrated editions of 'Old Uncle Ned,' 'The Blue-Bells of Scotland,' 'The Bells of Shandon' and 'Sally in Our Alley.'

—Lord Brabourne contributes to *Murray's Magazine* the following analysis of the ten principal London sales of recent years:

Name of Sale.	No. of Days Sale.	No. of Lots.	Amount Realized.	
			£	s. d.
Beckford sale, . . . . .	40	9,837	73,551	18 0
Towneley sale, . . . . .	8	2,815	4,616	0 0
Stourhead sale, . . . . .	8	1,971	10,028	6 6
Gosford sale, . . . . .	11	3,363	11,318	5 6
Osterley Park sale, . . . . .	8	1,937	13,007	9 0
Hartley sale, . . . . .	20	5,057	14,895	13 6
Sir T. Phillips's sale, . . . . .	8	3,346	2,200	15 0
Aylesford sale, . . . . .	9	1,983	10,574	14 0
Thornhill sale . . . . .	2	410	2,030	6 0
Buccleuch sale . . . . .	3	1,012	3,702	16 0
		31,731	145,926	3 6

—The 'Diaries of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore,' edited by the late Dr. E. Loewe, who accompanied Sir Moses Montefiore on his mission to Damascus and Constantinople in 1840, is to appear in London this season.

—The Paris *Journal des Débats* thus describes the Norwegian dramatist, Ibsen:

Rude features, piercing eyes, firm mouth, a shock of tumbled hair, a mass of white beard at the throat, and the air of an old Norse salt. For a long time he has lived at Rome first and afterward at Munich, in complete isolation. So much for Ibsen the Puritan. On the other hand, this actor has been director of a state theatre, and that is a position which does not consort with austerity. It appears, moreover, that this revolutionary has a son in the diplomatic service, loves to decorate his philosopher's mantle with a cluster of orders when he goes into society, is by no means insensible to feminine flattery, and has his little coterie of fair enthusiasts at Stockholm and Christiania.

—Messrs. Crowell have reprinted their translation of Dostoyeffsky's 'Crime and Punishment,' and added it to their list of paper-covered books for summer reading.

—It is given to few to impress their associates so strongly as the late David Demarest Lloyd impressed his fellow-workers in journalism, and men in other walks of life with whom he was thrown into contact as a journalist and dramatic author. Though but thirty-eight years old when he died, very suddenly, on Wednesday of last week, he had been attached to the *Tribune* since 1870, except for two years (1871-3) when he was Chief-Justice Chase's private secretary. He served first in the city department, was afterwards Albany correspondent, then an editorial writer, subsequently Washington correspondent, and finally an editorial writer again. He commanded the confidence of Mr. Tilden, when at Albany, and did much to assist the Governor in his successful attack upon the Canal Ring. He was the author of John T. Raymond's successful play, 'For Congress'; of 'The Woman Hater,' which was started by Raymond and revised by Roland Reed; of 'The Dominie's

Daughter,' produced at Wallack's on March 24, 1887; and of a piece called 'The Senator,' which Mr. Crane was preparing for presentation when death called the dramatist away. Mr. Lloyd illustrated in his life the truth that 'the bravest are the tenderest,' and it was his good fortune to secure the devotion of a host of friends and admirers.

—Miss Betham Edwards, the novelist, has a grievance:

A German lady who has successfully brought out many translations of my stories some time since undertook an authorized version of 'Love and Mirage.' The work was accepted for publication as a serial, when the editor wrote to say that an unauthorized translation had already appeared in the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Vienna. I have never demanded a penny of my translators, French, German, or otherwise, but it is rather hard to have the privilege of permission taken out of one's hands. Of course the usual notice of reserved rights appeared on the title-page.

And Mr. Edmund Yates cables to the *Tribune*:

Mrs. Cashel Hoy's story, 'A Queen's Token,' appeared here simultaneously with the opening of the Stuart exhibition, and was published by Mr. Spencer Blackett. Neither the author nor the English publisher was informed of the annexation of their joint property; and the former was actually in correspondence with an American firm of the nonpredatory sort with the view to the production of an illustrated edition of the story, when an obliging friend sent her through the post 'No. 91' of the *Globe Series*. This is one of those facts which answer Mrs. Gamp's description, as being 'stubborn and not easy drove.'

—Maurice Dudevant Sand, son of Mme. George Sand, the novelist, died on Thursday of last week in Paris, aged sixty-six years. He had made a reputation as a painter and man-of-letters. By referring to the files of THE CRITIC, our readers will find under date of Feb. 16 last, a very interesting sketch of Maurice and other members of the Sand family, reprinted from a letter of Henry Gréville's to the *Boston Transcript*.

—Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain, who enjoys the high honor of filling the chair of Japanese Language and Literature in the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan, is a nephew of that famous Admiral Basil Hall, whose writings on the far Oriental people and on things in the United States were so widely read by Americans a generation or two ago. His 'Hand-Book of Colloquial Japanese,' by far the best book for the mastery of the language, has reached a second edition, the first, issued in October, 1888, having been almost at once exhausted. To learn Japanese is now comparatively easy.

—At Guilford, Conn., where the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the town has just been celebrated, Prof. C. F. Johnson of Trinity College said last Monday:

When you call the roll of your dead and gone worthies, when you name those who subdued the wilderness and made possible the Connecticut of to-day, or name those others of Guilford's sons who have gone from here into wider fields and won honor or distinction or wealth, when you trace the influence of Guilford in the councils of the Republic or in the building of our great Western empire, it is meet and proper that you should honor also those of her children whose principal life-work was in another world, the world of art. Fitz Greene Halleck was born in this village, in a house fronting on the green, July 8, 1790. He could trace his descent from more than one ancient and honorable family. As a boy he read poetry eagerly and wrote boyish verse. The most genuine poetic influence which reached him during his formative period seems to have been that of Burns. Soon after his return from Europe, in 1822, he wrote the spirited martial lyric, 'Marco Bozzaris.' This poem is slightly vulgarized to the present generation from the fact that most of us have murdered it on the platforms of school exhibitions, but there is so much poetic life in it that it survives innumerable massacres by the innocents. It is a noble ode.

—Olive Schreiner, since the phenomenal success of her 'Story of an African Farm,' has developed, it is said, 'from a plain, shy, retiring girl into a brilliant, self-poised woman, with many pretensions to beauty.'

She has large, brown, Oriental eyes, and a manner of great fascination, particularly to men. She could be a lion in London society if she would, but she goes nowhere, is absolutely unreliable, and can rarely be seen in her own house. At the woman's dinner, recently given in London, she accepted the invitation to preside, but never turned up, in spite of frantic telegraphing right and left. Mona Caird presided in her stead. She is an ardent Socialist, and upon the rare occasions when she invites a friend to dinner, directs her to bring her own beefsteak.

—The following paragraph is in circulation about Mr. Henry M. Alden, editor for the past twenty years of *Harper's Monthly*:

Mr. Alden was graduated from Williams College and afterward from the Andover Theological Seminary, and his life has been devoted to the study of letters. He is probably one of the most cultivated and widely read men in America, and certainly the most conscientious editor. He reads many of the MSS. submitted to the magazine, himself, and gives a personal opinion thereof, and often, when for some reason or other the

MS., though possessed of merit, does not strike him as suited to *Harper's*, he writes a kindly, and in some cases, even an elaborate letter of explanation to the author, including an honest criticism of the article, which is of no little assistance to an intelligent young writer athirst for just such generous information. Mr. Alden lives at Metuchen, New Jersey. He has a beautiful home, and although the busiest of men, finds time to entertain.

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS

1490.—Can any one give me any information concerning an American reprint of part of George Wither's works, if there be one?

ITHACA, N. Y.

C. M. ST. J.

1491.—Who is the author of the following lines?

Thyself must perish, all thou hast must fade,  
One thing alone on earth is deathless made,  
That is,—the dead man's glory: therefore thou  
Wilt what is right, and what is noble, do!

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

G. VAN DER W.

1492.—Which of the Shakspeare Concordances is the best?

NEW YORK CITY.

A. B.

[The only Concordance to Shakspeare's plays, worthy of the name, is Mrs. Cowden Clarke's; and it is admirably supplemented by Mrs. Furness's Concordance of the *poems*. The latter indexes every word—articles, prepositions, conjunctions, and all. This could not be done for the plays without making the work far too bulky and costly. Schmidt's 'Shakspeare Lexicon' (2d edition, Berlin, 1886), however, gives every word used by Shakspeare, with references (by act, scene, and line) to all the more important passages in which they occur; but comparatively few of the passages are quoted. For those who cannot afford these great works, Bartlett's 'Shakspeare Phrase-Book' (Little, Brown & Co.) is no bad substitute. It is a volume of about a thousand pages, costing three dollars, and gives all the *quotable* passages, so to speak, in the plays; and it gives them at such length that, in nine cases out of ten, it is not necessary to look them up in an edition of the poet. Where Mrs. Cowden Clarke gives only five or six words (sometimes as poor a clew to the context as the 'Alas! what boots' that Charles Lamb—if it was he—made fun of in the index to Wordsworth), Bartlett gives two complete lines. Mr. Bartlett, by the way, is now preparing a complete Concordance to Shakspeare, which will be, in some respects, an improvement upon Mrs. Cowden Clarke's. The so-called 'Concordance to the Plays of Shakspeare,' by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams (London, 1886), is really nothing more than a phrase-book, and decidedly inferior to Bartlett's at the same price. Mr. Adams has done better work in other lines.]

## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

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| Allen, H. N. Korean Tales. \$1.25  | G. P. Putnam's Sons.               |
| Baker, C. W. Monopolies and the People. . . . .                                  | G. P. Putnam's Sons.               |
| Berger, F. French Conversations, Idiomatic Expressions, Proverbs. . . . .        | 843 Broadway.                      |
| Besant, W. Children of Gibeon. . . . .   | Harper & Bros.                     |
| Beauregard, Chas. Walks Abroad of Two Young Naturalists. . . . .                 |                                    |
| Blackstock, E. F. The Land of the Viking, etc. . . . .                           | T. Y. Crowell & Co.                |
| Bolton, Sarah K. Famous Men of Science. \$1.50. . . . .                          | G. P. Putnam's Sons.               |
| Bridger, A. E. Man and His Maladies. . . . .                                     | T. Y. Crowell & Co.                |
| Cone, O. Salvation. . . . .  | Harper & Bros.                     |
| Davis, Reuben. Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians. \$3. . . . .     | Boston: Universalist Pub. House.   |
| Dumas, A. Les Trois Mousquetaires. Ed. by F. C. Sumichrast. . . . .              | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.    |
| Eggleston, E. A First Book in American History. . . . .                          | Boston: Ginn & Co.                 |
| Farmer, L. H. Short History of the French Revolution. \$1.50. . . . .            | D. Appleton & Co.                  |
| Goss, Warren Lee. Jed. \$1.50. . . . .   | T. Y. Crowell & Co.                |
| Henderson, Isaac. Agatha Page. 30c. . . . .                                      | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.    |
| Johnston, R. M. Ogeechee Cross-Firings. 35c. . . . .                             | Harper & Bros.                     |
| Long, G. Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.    |                                    |
| Marenholtz-Buelow, Baroness. The Child and Child-Nature. . . . .                 | Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.           |
| McCaskey, J. P. Franklin Square Song Collection. No. 6. 30c. . . . .             | Harper & Bros.                     |
| Morse, John T. Benjamin Franklin. \$1.25. . . . .                                | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.    |
| Needell, Mrs. J. H. Julian Karlslake's Secret. 25c. . . . .                      | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.       |
| Olipphant, Mrs. Lady Car. 30c. . . . .   | Harper & Bros.                     |
| Publishers' Trade-List Annual, 1889. \$2. . . . .                                | Office of The Publishers' Weekly.  |
| Purinton, D. B. Christian Theism. . . . .  | G. P. Putnam's Sons.               |
| Smith, Huntington. A Century of American Literature. \$1.75. T. Y. Crowell & Co. |                                    |
| Swett, Sophie. Polly. . . . .  | Harper & Bros.                     |
| Thayer, Eli. A History of the Kansas Crusade. . . . .                            | Harper & Bros.                     |
| Tinker, Mary A. Two Coronets. \$1.50. . . . .                                    | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.    |
| Ward, C. O. History of the Ancient Working People. . . . .                       | Washington: W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. |
| Warren, S. Ten Thousand a Year. 3 vols. \$4.50. . . . .                          | Boston: Little, Brown & Co.        |
| Wright, Henrietta C. The Princess Liljowins. . . . .                             | Harper & Bros.                     |
| Zimmerman, Helen. The Hansa Towns. \$1.50. . . . .                               | G. P. Putnam's Sons.               |